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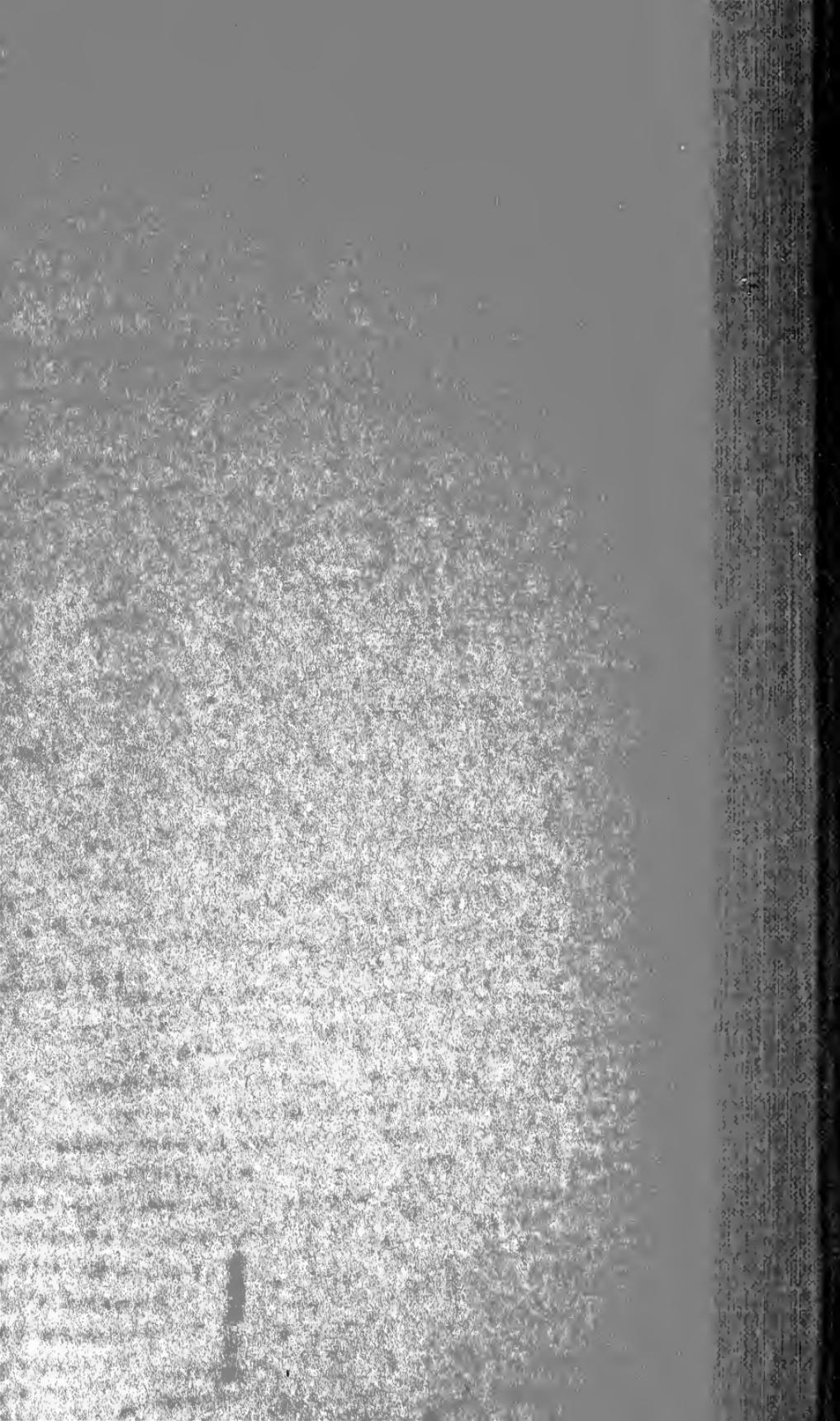
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AN

ADDRESS

Delivered at Charlestown

AUGUST 1, 1826,

IN COMMEMORATION OF

JOHN ADAMS

AND

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

||

Boston:

WILLIAM L. LEWIS, CONGRESS STREET.

1826.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, ss.

District Clerk's Office.

Be it remembered, that on the eighth day of August, A. D. 1826, and in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, William L. Lewis, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

'An Address delivered at Charlestown August 1, 1826, in Commemoration of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. By Edward Everett.'

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled 'An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.' And also to an Act, entitled 'An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.'

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

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At a meeting of the Committee, appointed to superintend the funeral solemnities at Charlestown, observed in respect to the decease of JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON: Voted, that the thanks of the Committee be presented to the HON. EDWARD EVERETT, for his able and pathetic Address, on this interesting occasion, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for the press.

Voted, That DR. ABRAHAM R. THOMPSON and HON. WM. C. JARVIS be a Committee to communicate the above vote to the HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

Tuesday Evening, August 1st.

August 2nd.—The Committee appointed to communicate the above vote, perform with very sincere pleasure the duty assigned them, and hope MR. EVERETT will comply with the wishes of his friends and fellow-citizens—And have the honor to be, with the highest consideration of respect and esteem, &c.

ABRAHAM R. THOMPSON, }
WILLIAM C. JARVIS, } Committee.

GENTLEMEN,

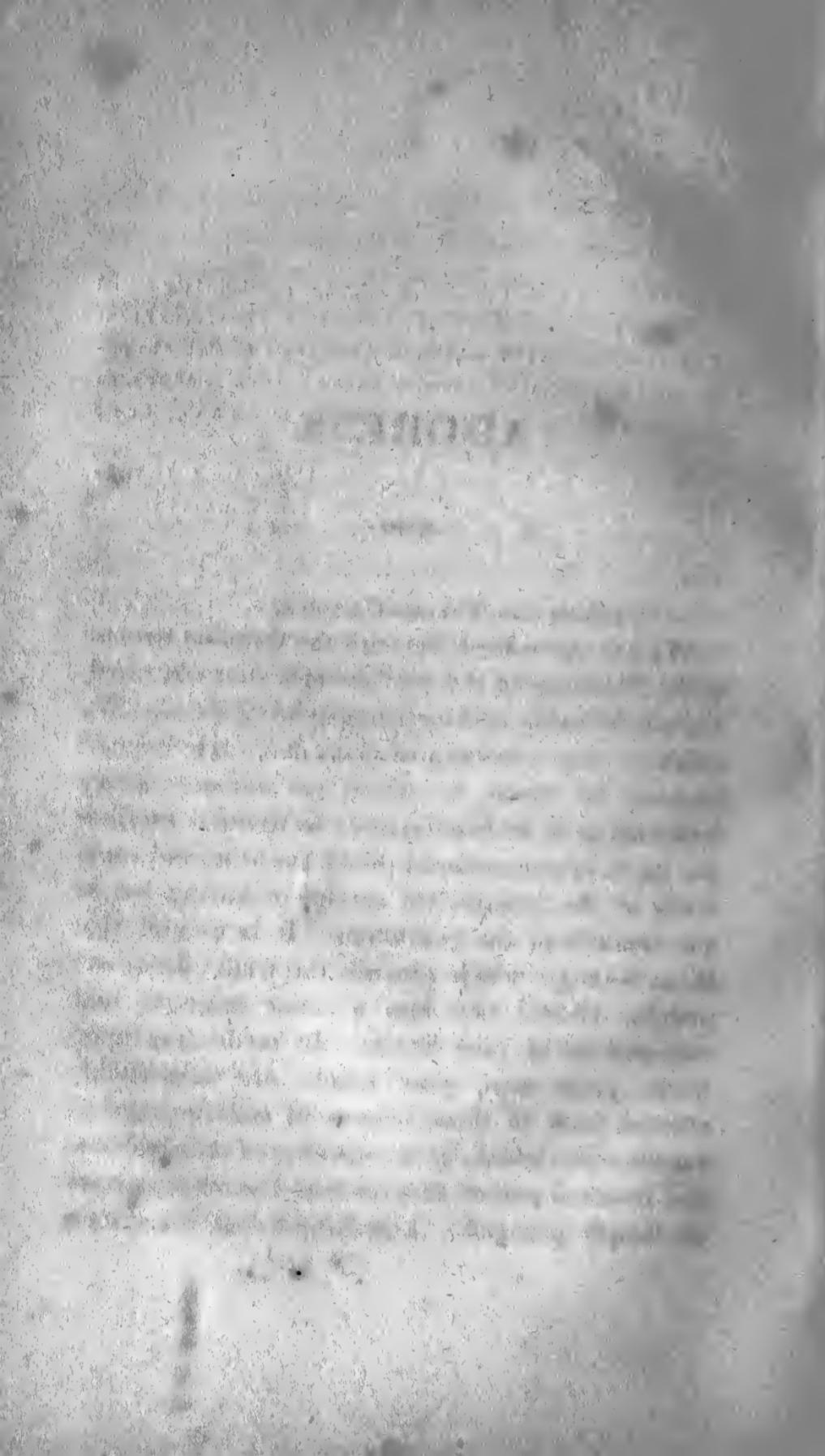
Winter-Hill, Charlestown, August 3, 1826.

The Address, delivered at a short notice, in respectful compliance with the wishes of my fellow-citizens, and under circumstances which otherwise would have led me to decline a public appearance at this time, is now, on the same principle, submitted for publication, by,

Gentlemen, your faithful humble servant,

EDWARD EVERETT.

ABRAHAM R. THOMPSON, M. D.
HON. WILLIAM C. JARVIS.



ADDRESS.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

WE are assembled, beneath the weeping canopy of the Heavens, in the exercise of feelings in which the whole family of Americans unites with us. We meet to pay a tribute of respect to the revered memory of those, to whom the whole country looks up as to its benefactors ; to whom it ascribes the merit of unnumbered public services, and especially of the inestimable service of having led in the councils of the revolution. It is natural that these feelings, which pervade the whole American people, should rise into peculiar strength and earnestness in your hearts. In meditating upon these great men, your minds are unavoidably carried back to those scenes of suffering and of sacrifice into which, at the opening of their arduous and honored career, this town and its citizens were so deeply plunged. You cannot but remember,

that your fathers offered their bosoms to the sword and their dwellings to the devouring flames, from the same noble spirit which animated the venerable patriarchs whom we now deplore. The cause they espoused was the same which strewed your streets with ashes, and drenched your hill-tops with blood. And while Providence, in the astonishing circumstances of their departure, seems to have appointed that the revolutionary age of America should be closed up, by a scene as illustriously affecting, as its commencement was appalling and terrific ; you have justly felt it your duty, it has been the prompt dictate of your feelings, to pay, within these hallowed precincts, a well deserved tribute to the great and good men to whose counsels, under God, it is in no small degree owing, that your dwellings have risen from their ashes, and that the sacred dust of those who fell reposes in the bosom of a free and happy land.

It was the custom of the primitive Romans, to preserve in the halls of their houses the images of all the illustrious men whom their families had produced. These images are supposed to have consisted of a mask exactly representing the countenance of each deceased individual, accompanied with habiliments of like fashion with those worn in his time, and with the armor, badges and insignia of his offices and exploits ; all so disposed

around the sides of the hall as to present in the attitude of living men the long succession of the departed ; and thus to set before the Roman citizen, whenever he entered or left his habitation, the venerable array of his ancestors revived in this imposing similitude. Whenever, by a death in the family, another distinguished member of it was gathered to his fathers, a strange and awful procession was formed. The ancestral masks, including that of the newly deceased, were fitted upon the servants of the family, selected in the size and appearance of those whom they were to represent, and drawn up in solemn array to follow the funeral train of the living mourners, first to the market-place, where the public eulogium was pronounced, and then to the tomb. As he thus moved along with all the dark fathers of his name, resuscitated in the lineaments of life, and quickening, as it were, from their urns, to enkindle his emulation, the virtuous Roman renewed his vows of pious respect to their memory and his resolution to imitate the fortitude, the frugality, and the patriotism of the great heads of his family.*

Fellow-citizens, the great heads of the American family are fast passing away ; of the last, of the most honored, two are now no more. We are assembled not to gaze with awe on the artificial

* Polyb. Historiar. lib. vi.

and theoric images of their features, but to contemplate their venerated characters, to call to mind their invaluable services, to cherish their revered memory ; to lay up the image of their virtues in our hearts. The two men, who stood in a relation, in which no others now stand to this whole continent, have fallen. The men whom Providence marked out among the first of the favored instruments, to lead this chosen people into the holy land of liberty, have discharged their high office and are no more. The men, whose ardent minds prompted them to take up their country's cause, when there was nothing else to prompt and everything to deter them ; the men who afterwards, when the ranks were filled with the brave and resolute, were yet in the front of those brave and resolute ranks ; the men, who, when the wisest and most sagacious were needed to steer the newly launched vessel through the broken waves of the unknown sea, sat calm and unshaken at the helm ; the men who in their country's happier days were found most worthy to preside over the great interests of the land they had so powerfully contributed to rear into greatness, these men are now no more.

They have left us not singly and in the sad but accustomed succession, in which the order of nature calls away the children of men ; but having lived, and acted, and counselled, and dared, and

risked all, and triumphed, and enjoyed together, they have gone together to their great reward. In the morning of life—without previous concert but with a kindred spirit—they plunged together into a conflict, which put to hazard all which makes life precious. When the storm of war and revolution raged, they stood side by side, on such perilous ground, that, had the American cause failed; though all else had been forgiven, they were of the few whom an incensed empire's vengeance would have pursued to the ends of the earth. When they had served through their long career of duty, forgetting the little that had divided them, and cherishing the great communion of service, and peril, and success which had united them, they walked, with honorable friendship, the declining pathway of age ; and now they have sunk down together, in peace, into the bosom of a redeemed and grateful country. Time, and their country's service, and kindred hearts, a like fortune and a like reward united them ; and the last great scene confirmed the union. They were useful, honored, prosperous, and lovely in their lives, and in their deaths, they were not divided.

Happiest at the last, they were permitted almost to choose the hour of their departure ; to die on that day, on which those who loved them best could have wished they might die. It is related as a sin-

gular felicity of the great philosopher Plato, that he died, at a good old age, at a banquet, surrounded with flowers and perfumes, amidst festal songs, on his birth-day. Our Adams and Jefferson died on the birth-day of the nation; the day which their own deed had immortalized, which their own prophetic spirit had marked out, as the great festival of the nation; not amidst the festal songs of the banquet, but amidst the triumphal anthems of a whole grateful people. At the moment that Jefferson expired, his character was the theme of eulogy, in every city and almost every village of the land; and the lingering spirit of his great co-patriot fled, while his name was pronounced with grateful recollection, at the board of patriotic festivity, throughout a country, that hailed him as among the first and boldest of her champions, even in the days when friends were few and hearts were faint.

Our jubilee, like that of old, is turned into sorrow. Among the crumbling ruins of Rome, there is a shattered arch, reared by the emperor Vespasian, when his son Titus returned from the destruction of Jerusalem. On its broken pannels and falling frieze are still to be seen, represented as borne aloft in the triumphal procession of Titus, the well known spoils of the second temple, the sacred vessels of the holy place, the candlestick with seven branches, and, in front of all, the silver trumpets of

the jubilee, in the hands of captive priests, proclaiming not now the liberty, but the humiliation and the sorrows of Judah. From this mournful spectacle, the pious and heart-stricken Hebrew, even to the present day, turns aside in sorrow: he will not enter Rome, through the gate of the arch of Titus, but winds his way through the byepaths of the Palatine, and over the broken columns of the palace of the Cæsars, that he may not behold the sad image of the trumpets of the jubilee, borne aloft in the captive train.

The jubilee of America is turned into mourning. Its joy is mingled with sadness; its silver trumpet must breathe a mingled strain. Henceforward and forever, while America exists among the nations of the earth, the first emotion on the fourth of July shall be of joy and triumph, in the great event which immortalizes the day, the second shall be one of chastised and tender recollection of the venerable men, who departed on the morning of the jubilee. This mingled emotion of triumph and sadness has sealed the moral beauty and sublimity of our great anniversary. In the simple commemoration of a victorious political achievement, there seems not enough to occupy all our purest and best feelings. The fourth of July was before a day of unshaded triumph, exultation, and national pride; but the angel of death has mingled in the

all glorious pageant, to teach us we are men. Had our venerated fathers left us on any other day, the day of the united departure of two such men would henceforward have been remembered but as a day of mourning. But now while their decease has gently chastened the exultations of the triumphant festival ; the glad banner of our independence will wave cheerfully over the spot where their dust reposes. The whole nation feels, as with one heart, that since it must sooner or later have been bereaved of its revered fathers, it could not have wished that any other had been the day of their decease. Our anniversary festival was before triumphant, it is now triumphant and sacred. It before called out the young and ardent, to join in the public rejoicings ; it now also speaks, in a touching voice, to the retired, to the greyheaded, to the mild and peaceful spirits, to the whole family of sober freemen. With some appeal of joy, of admiration, of tenderness it henceforth addresses every American heart. It is henceforward, what the dying Adams pronounced it, a great and a good day. It is full of greatness and full of goodness. It is absolute and complete. The death of the men, who declared our independence,—their death on the day of the jubilee, was all that was wanting to the fourth of July. To die on that day, and to die together, was all that was wanting to Jefferson and Adams.

Think not, fellow-citizens, that, in the mere formal discharge of my duty this day, I would overrate the melancholy interest of the great occasion. Heaven knows, I do any thing but intentionally overrate it. I labor only for words, to do justice to your feelings and to mine. I can say nothing, which does not sound as cold, as tame, and as inadequate to myself as to you. The theme is too great and too surprising, the men are too great and good to be spoken of, in this cursory manner. There is too much in the contemplation of their united characters, their services, the day and coincidence of their death, to be properly described, to be fully felt at once. I dare not come here and dismiss, in a few summary paragraphs, the characters of men, who have filled such a space in the history of their age. It would be a disrespectful familiarity with men of their lofty spirits, their rich endowments, their deep counsels, and wise measures, their long and honorable lives, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them. I leave that arduous task, to the genius of kindred elevation, by whom to-morrow it will be discharged. I feel the mournful contrast in the fortunes of the first and best of men, that after a life in the highest walks of usefulness ; after conferring benefits, not merely on a neighborhood, a city, or even a state, but on a continent, a posterity of kindred men ; after having stood in the first estimation for talents, ser-

vices, and influence, among millions of fellow-citizens, a day should come, which closes all up ; pronounces a brief blessing on the memory of the departed ; gives an hour to the actions of a crowded life ; describes in a sentence what it took years to bring to pass, and what is destined for years and ages to continue and operate on posterity ; forces into a few words the riches of busy days of action and weary nights of meditation ; passes forgetfully over many traits of character, many counsels, and measures which it cost perhaps years of discipline and effort to mature ; utters a funeral prayer ; chaunts a mournful anthem ; and then dismisses all into the dark chambers of death and forgetfulness.

But no, fellow-citizens, we dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never die, nor dying be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live ; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmixed happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence ; whose hearts have watched, while their senses have slept ; whose souls have grown up into a higher being ; whose pleasure is to be useful ; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation ; who respire the breath of

honorable fame ; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, cannot die. To be cold, and motionless and breathless ; to feel not and speak not ; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their heart's blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye, who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead ? Can you not see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of his honor, with the rose of Heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye ? Tell me, ye, who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house ? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is indeed motionless, the eloquent lips that sustained it, are hushed ; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, matured, maintained it, and which alone to such men, 'make it life to live,' these cannot expire ;—

These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away ;
Cold in the dust, the perished heart may lie,
But that, which warmed it once, can never die.

This is their life and this their eulogy. In these our feeble services of commemoration, we set forth not their worth but our own gratitude. The eulogy of those, who declared our independence, is written in the whole history of independent America. I do not mean that they alone wrought out our liberties ; nor should we bring a grateful offering to their tombs, in sacrificing at them the merits of their contemporaries. But no one surely, who considers the history of the times, the state of opinions, the power of England, the weakness of the colonies, and the obstacles that actually stood in the way of success, can doubt that, if John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had thrown their talents and influence into the scale of submission, the effect would have been felt to the cost of America for ages. No, it is not too much to say, that ages on ages may pass, and the growing millions of America may overflow the uttermost regions of this continent, but never can there be an American citizen, who will not bear in his condition, in his pursuits, in his welfare, some trace of what was counselled, and said, and done by these great men. This is their undying praise ; a praise, which knows no limits but those of America, and which is uttered, not merely in these our eulogies, but in the thousand inarticulate voices of art and nature. It sounds from the woodman's axe in the distant forests of the west : for what was it that unbarred

the portals of the mountains? The busy water-wheel echos back the strain; for what was it that released the industry of the country from the fetters of colonial restriction? Their praise is borne on the swelling canvass of America to distant oceans, where the rumor of acts of trade never came; for what was it that sent our canvass there? and it glistens at home, in the eyes of the happy population of a prosperous and grateful country. Yes, the people, the people rise up and call them blessed. They invoke eternal blessings on the men, who could be good as well as great, whose ambition was their country's welfare, who did not ask to be rewarded by oppressing themselves the country they redeemed from oppression.

The day we have separated to the remembrance of our departed fathers is indeed but a fleeting moment; its swift watches will soon run out, and the pausing business of life start again into motion. But every day of our country's succeeding duration, every age as it comes forward with its crowded generations, to enjoy the blessings of our institutions, will take up the surprising theme. Though its affecting novelty will pass away for us, it will strike the hearts of our children; and the latest posterity, looking back on the period of the Revolution as the heroic age of America, will contem-

plate with mingled wonder and tenderness this great and closing scene.

I shall not, fellow-citizens, on this occasion, attempt a detailed narrative of the lives of these distinguished men. To relate their history at length, would be to record the history of the country, from their first entrance on public life to their final retirement. Even to dwell minutely on the more conspicuous incidents of their career, would cause me to trespass too far on the proper limits of the occasion, and to repeat what is well known to most who hear me. Let us only enumerate those few leading points in their lives and characters, which will best guide us to the reflections we ought to make, while we stand at the tombs of these excellent and honored men.

Mr Adams was born on the 30th October, 1735, and Mr Jefferson on the 13th of April, 1743. One of them rose from the undistinguished mass of the community, while the other, born in higher circumstances, voluntarily descended into its ranks. Although happily in this country it cannot be said of any one, that he owes much to birth or family, yet it sometimes happens, even under the perfect equality which fortunately prevails among us, that a certain degree of deference follows in the train of family connections, apart from all personal merit. Mr Adams was the son of a New England

yeoman, and in this alone, the frugality and moderation of his bringing up are sufficiently related. Mr Jefferson owed more to birth. He inherited a good estate from his respectable father ; but instead of associating himself with the opulent interest in Virginia, at that time, in consequence of the mode in which their estates were held and transmitted, an exclusive and powerful class, and of which he might have become a powerful leader, he threw himself into the ranks of the people. Indeed it is delightful to contemplate the illustrious exhibition of the powers of native genius, which the conduct of the Revolution presents us, and in none of its personages more conspicuously than in those on whose characters we now dwell. It seemed the will of Providence, in laying the foundations of a great system of republican government, to make it the occasion of displaying before the world, the heart-cheering spectacle of statesmen and warriors, springing from the bosom of a plain and simple people, from the villages and mountains of a distant and despised colony, and triumphantly conflicting in the cabinet and the field, with all the accomplishments, the skill, and hereditary cultivation of the most favored children of the oldest and richest states in Europe.

A propitious coincidence it was, that of these two eminent statesmen, one was from the north and the other from the south ; as if, in the happy effects

of their united action, to give us the first lesson of union. The enemies of our independence, at home and abroad, relied on the difficulty of uniting the colonies in one harmonious system. They knew the difference in our local origin ; they exaggerated the points of dissimilarity in our sectional character. They thought the south would feel no sympathy in the distresses of the north ; that the north would look with jealousy on the character and institutions of the south. It seemed therefore most auspicious, in the great dispositions of the Revolution, that while the north and the south had each its great rallying point, in Virginia and Massachusetts, the wise and good men, whose influence was most felt in each, moved forward in brotherhood and concert. Mr Quincy, in a visit to the southern colonies, had entered into an extensive correspondence with the friends of liberty, in that part of the country. Richard Henry Lee and his brother Arthur maintained a constant intercourse with Samuel Adams. Dr Franklin, though a citizen of Pennsylvania, was a native of Boston ; and from the first moment of their meeting at Philadelphia, Jefferson and Adams began to co-operate cordially, in that great work of independence to which they were both devoted. While the theoretical politicians of Europe were speculating on our local peculiarities, and the British ministry were building their best hopes upon the maxim, divide and

conquer, they might well have been astonished to see the declaration of independence reported into Congress, by the joint labor of the son of a Virginia planter, and of a New England yeoman.

The education of Adams and Jefferson was within the precincts of home. They received their academical instruction at the seminaries of their native States, the former at Cambridge, the latter at William and Mary. At these institutions, they severally laid the foundation for very distinguished attainments as scholars, and formed a taste for letters which was fresh and craving to the last. They were both familiar with the ancient languages, and the literature they contain. Their range in the various branches of general reading was perhaps equally wide, and was uncommonly extensive; and it is, I believe, doing no injustice to any other honored name to say, that, in this respect, they stood without an equal in the band of Revolutionary worthies.

Their first writings were devoted to the cause of their country. Mr Adams in 1765 published his Essay on the Canon and Feudal Law, which two years afterwards was republished in London, and was there pronounced one of the ablest performances which had crossed the Atlantic.* It expresses the

* The copy I possess of this work was printed by Almon, at London, in 1768, as a sequel to some other political pieces, with the following title, and prelim-

boldest and most elevated sentiments, in language most vigorous and animating ; and might have taught in its tone, what it taught in its doctrine, that America must be unoppressed or must become independent. Among Mr Jefferson's first productions was, in like manner, a political essay, entitled 'A Summary View of the Rights of British America.' It contains, in some parts, a near approach to the ideas and language of the declaration of independence ; and its bold spirit and polished, but at the same time powerful execution, are known to have had their effect, in causing its author to be designated for the high trusts confided to him in the Continental Congress. At a later

inary note : 'The following dissertation, which was written at Boston, in New England, in the year 1765, and then printed there in the Gazette, being very curious, and having connexion with this publication, it is thought proper to reprint it.'

'The author of it is said to have been Jeremy Gridley, Esq. Attorney-General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, member of the General Court, colonel of the first regiment of militia, president of the marine society, and grand master of the Free Masons. He died at Boston, Sept. 7, 1767.

'A Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law.'

This copy formerly belonged to Dr Andrew Eliot, to whom it was presented by Thomas Hollis. Directly above the title is written, apparently in Dr A. Eliot's hand-writing, 'The author of this dissertation is John Adams, Esq.' And at the foot of the page is the following note, in the same hand-writing, but marked with inverted commas, as a quotation, and signed T. H.

'The Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law is one of the very finest productions ever seen from N. America.'

'By a letter from Boston in N. E. signed SUI JURIS, inserted in that valuable newspaper, the London Chronicle, July 19, it should seem the writer of it happily yet lives !' T. H.

This was said fifty-eight years ago !

period of life, Mr Jefferson became the author of the Notes on Virginia, a work equally admired in Europe and America ; and Mr Adams of the Defence of the American Constitutions, a performance that would do honor to the political literature of any country. But, in enumerating their literary productions, it must be remembered, that they were both employed, the greater part of their lives, in the active duties of public service ; and that the fruits of their intellect are not to be sought in the systematic volumes of learned leisure, but on the files of office, in the archives of state, and in a most extensive public and private correspondence.

The professional education of these distinguished statesmen had been in the law ; and was therefore such as peculiarly fitted them for the contest, in which they were to act as leaders. The law of England, then the law of America, is closely connected with the history of the liberty of England. Many of the questions at issue between the Parliament of Great Britain and the Colonies, were questions of constitutional, if not of common law. For the discussion of these questions the legal profession furnished the best preparation. In general the contest was, happily for the colonies, at first forensic ; a contest of discussion, and of argumentation ; affording time, and opportunity, and excitement to diffuse throughout the people, and stamp deeply on their minds, the great principles,

which having first been triumphantly sustained in the argument, were then to be confirmed in the field. This required the training of the patriot lawyer, and this was the office which, in that capacity, was eminently discharged by Jefferson and Adams, to the doubtful liberties of their country. The cause, in which they were engaged, abundantly repaid the service and the hazard. It gave them precisely that amplitude of view and elevation of feeling, which the technical routine of the profession is too apt to stifle. Their practice of the law was not in the narrow litigation of the courts, but in the great forum of contending empires. It was not nice legal fictions they were there employed to balance, but sober realities of indescribable weight. The life and death of their country was the all important issue. Nor did their country afterwards afford them leisure for the ordinary practice of their profession. Mr Jefferson indeed in 1776 and 1777 was employed with Wythe and Pendleton in an entire revision of the code of Virginia ; and Mr Adams was offered about the same time the first seat on the bench of the Superior Court of his native State. But each was shortly afterwards called to a foreign mission, and spent the rest of the active years of his life, with scarce an interval, in the political service of his country.

Such was the education and quality of these men, when the Revolutionary contest came on. In 1774, and on the 17th of June, a day destined to be in every way illustrious, Mr Adams was elected a member of the Continental Congress, of which body he was signalized, from the first, as a distinguished leader. In the month of June in the following year, when a commander in chief was to be chosen for the American armies, and when that appointment seemed in course to belong to the commanding general of the brave army, from Massachusetts and the neighboring States, which had rushed to the field, Mr Adams nominated George Washington to that all-important post, and was thus far the means of securing the blessing of his guidance to the American armies. In August 1775, Mr Jefferson took his seat in the Continental Congress, preceded by the fame of being one of the most accomplished and powerful champions of the cause, though among the youngest members of the body. It was the wish of Mr Adams, and probably of Mr Jefferson, that independence should be declared in the fall of 1775 ; but the country seemed not then ripe for the measure.

At length the accepted time arrived. In May 1776, the colonies on the proposition of Mr Adams, were invited by the General Congress, to establish their several State governments. On the 7th of

June the resolution of independence was moved by Richard Henry Lee. On the 11th a committee of five was chosen, to announce this resolution to the world; and Thomas Jefferson and John Adams stood at the head of this committee. From their designation by ballot to this most honorable duty, their elevated standing in the Congress might alone be inferred. In their amicable contention and deference each to the other of the great trust of composing the all-important document, we witness their patriotic disinterestedness and their mutual respect. This trust devolved on Jefferson, and with it rests on him the imperishable renown of having penned the declaration of independence of America. To have been the instrument of expressing, in one brief decisive act, the concentrated will and resolution of a whole family of States; of unfolding, in one all-important manifesto, the causes, the motives, the justification of the great movement in human affairs which was then taking place; to have been permitted to give the impress and peculiarity of his own mind, to a charter of public right, destined, or rather let me say already elevated to an importance, in the estimation of men, beyond everything human, ever borne on parchment, or expressed in the visible signs of thought, this is the glory of Thomas Jefferson. To have been among the first of those who fore-saw, and foreseeing broke the way for this great

consummation ; to have been the mover of numerous decisive acts, its undoubted precursors ; to have been among many able and generous spirits, that united in this perilous adventure, by acknowledgment unsurpassed in zeal, and unequalled in power ; to have been exclusively associated with the author of the declaration ; and then, in the exercise of an eloquence as prompt as it was overwhelming, to have taken the lead in inspiring the Congress to adopt and proclaim it, this is the glory of John Adams.

Nor was it among common and inferior minds, that these men enjoyed their sublime pre-eminence. In the body that elected Mr Jefferson to draft the declaration of independence, there sat a patriot sage, than whom the English language does not boast a better writer, Benjamin Franklin. And Mr Adams was pronounced by Mr Jefferson himself the ablest advocate of independence, in a Congress, which could boast among its members such men as Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and our own Samuel Adams. They were great and among great men ; mightiest among the mighty ; and enjoyed their lofty standing in a body, of which half the members might with honor have presided over the deliberative councils of a nation.

All glorious as their office in this council of sages

has proved, they beheld the glory only, in distant vision, while the prospect before them was shrouded with darkness and lowering with terror. 'I am not transported with enthusiasm,' is the language of Mr Adams, the day after the resolution was adopted, 'I am well aware of the toil, the treasure, and the blood it will cost, to maintain this declaration, to support and defend these States. Yet through all the gloom, I can see a ray of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means.' Nor was it the rash adventure of uneasy spirits, who had everything to gain and nothing to risk by their enterprize. They left all for their country's sake. Who does not see that Adams and Jefferson might have risen to any station in the British empire. They might have revelled in the royal bounty ; they might have shared the imperial counsels ; they might have stood within the shadow of the throne which they shook to its base. It was in the full understanding of their all but desperate choice, that they chose for their country. Many were the inducements, which called them to another choice. The dread voice of authority ; the array of an empire's power ; the pleadings of friendship ; the yearning of their hearts towards the land of their fathers' sepulchres ; the land which the great champions of constitutional liberty still made venerable ; the ghastly vision of the gibbet, if they failed ; all the feelings which grew

from these sources were to be stifled and kept down, for a dearer treasure was at stake. They were anything but adventurers, anything but malecontents. They loved peace, they loved order, they loved law, they loved a manly obedience to constitutional authority ; but they chiefly loved freedom and their country ; and they took up the ark of her liberties with pure hands, and bore it through in triumph for their strength was in Heaven.

And how shall I attempt to follow them through the succession of great events, which a rare and kind Providence crowded into their lives ; how shall I attempt to count all the links of that bright chain, which binds the perilous hour of their first efforts for freedom, with the rich enjoyment of its consummation ? How shall I attempt to enumerate the posts they filled and the trusts they discharged at home and abroad, both in the councils of their native States, and of the federation ; both before and after the adoption of the federal constitution : the codes of law and systems of government they aided in organizing ; the foreign embassies they sustained ; the alliances with powerful States they contracted, when America was weak ; the loans and subsidies, they procured from foreign powers when America was poor ; the treaties of peace and commerce, which they negotiated ; their participation in the earliest councils of the federal government, Mr

Adams as the first Vice-President, Mr Jefferson as the first Secretary of State; their mutual possession of the confidence of the only man, to whom his country accorded a higher place; and their successive administrations in chief of the interests of this great republic. These all are laid up in the annals of the country; her archives are filled with the productions of their fertile and cultivated minds; the pages of her history are bright with the lustre of their achievements; and the welfare and happiness of America pronounce, in one general eulogy, the just encomium of their services.

Nor need we fear, fellow-citizens, to speak of their political dissensions. If they who opposed each other, and arrayed the nation, in their arduous contention, were able in the bosom of private life to forget their former struggles, we surely may contemplate them, even in this relation, with calmness. Of the counsels adopted and the measures pursued in the storm of political warfare, I presume not to speak. I knew these great men, not as opponents, but as friends to each other; not in the keen prosecution of a political controversy, but in the cultivation of a friendly correspondence. As they respected and honored each other, I respect and honor both. Time too has removed the foundation of their dissensions. The principles on which they contended are settled, some in favor of

one and some in favor of the other : the great foreign interests, that lent ardor to the struggle have happily lost their hold on the American people : and the politics of the country now turn on questions not agitated in their days. Meantime, I know not whether, if we had it in our power to choose between the recollection of these revered men, as they were, and what they would have been without their great struggle, we could wish them to have been other than they were, even in this respect. Twenty years of friendship succeeding ten of rivalry appear to me a more amiable and certainly a more instructive spectacle, even than a life of unbroken concert. As a friend to both their respected memories, I would not willingly spare the attestation, which they were pleased to render to each other's characters. We are taught, in the valedictory lessons of our Washington that 'the spirit of party is the worst enemy of a popular government ;' shall we not rejoice that we are taught, in the lives of our Adams and our Jefferson, that the most embittered contentions, which as yet have divided us, furnish no ground for lasting disunion. In their lives did I say ? Oh, not in their lives alone, but in that mysterious and lovely union which has called them together to the grave.

‘ They strove in such great rivalry
Of means, as noblest ends allow ;
And blood was warm, and zeal was high,

But soon their strife was o'er ; and now
Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust.'

The declining period of their lives presents their own characters, in the most delightful aspect, and furnishes the happiest illustration of the perfection of our political system. We behold a new spectacle of moral sublimity ; the peaceful old age of the retired chiefs of the republic ; an evening of learned, useful, and honored leisure following upon a youth of hazard, a manhood of service, a whole life of alternate trial and success. We behold them indeed active and untiring, even to the last. At the advanced age of eightyfive years, our venerable fellow-citizen and neighbor, is still competent to take a part in the councils for revising the state constitution, to whose original formation forty years before he so essentially contributed ; and Mr Jefferson, at the same protracted term of life was able to project and carry on to their completion, the extensive establishments of the University of Virginia.

But it is the great and closing scene, which appears, by higher allotment, to crown their long and exalted career, with a consummation almost miraculous. Having done so much and so happily for themselves, so much and so beneficially for their country ; at that last moment, when man can no more do anything for his country or for himself, it

pleased a kind Providence to take their existence into his hands, and to do that for both of them, which, to the end of time, will cause them to be deemed, not more happy in the renown of their lives than in the opportunity of their death.*

I could give neither force nor interest to the account of these sublime and touching scenes, by any thing beyond the simple recital of the facts, already familiar to the public. The veil of eternity was first lifted up, from before the eyes of Mr Jefferson. For several weeks his strength had been gradually failing, though his mind's vigor remained unimpaired. As he drew nearer to the last, and no expectation remained that his term could be much protracted, he expressed no other wish, than that he might live to breathe the air of the fiftieth anniversary of independence. This he was graciously permitted to do. But it was evident, on the morning of the fourth, that Providence intended that this day, consecrated by his deed, should now be solemnized by his death. On some momentary revival of his wasting strength, the friends around would have soothed him with the hope of continuing; but he answered their kind encouragements only by saying, he did not fear to die. Once, as he drew nearer to his close, he lifted up his lan-

* Tacit. J. Agricol. Vit. c. **XLV.**

guid head and murmured with a smile, ‘it is the fourth of July ;’ while his repeated exclamation, on the last great day was, *Nunc dimittis, Domine*, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’ He departed in peace, a little before one o’clock of this memorable day ; unconscious that his co-patriot, who fifty years before had shared its efforts and perils, was now the partner of its glory.

Mr Adams’ mind had also wandered back, over the long line of great things, with which his life was filled, and found rest on the thought of Independence. When the discharges of artillery proclaimed the triumphant anniversary, he pronounced it ‘a great and a good day.’ The thrilling word of Independence, which, fifty years before, in the ardor of his manly strength he had sounded out to the nations, at the head of his country’s councils, was now among the last that dwelt on his quivering lips ; and when, toward the hour of noon, he felt his noble heart growing cold within him, the last emotion which warmed it was, that ‘Jefferson still survives.’ But he survives not ; he is gone : Ye, are gone together !

Take them, Great God, together to thy Rest !

Friends, fellow-citizens, free, prosperous, happy Americans ! The men who did so much to make

you so, are no more. The men who gave nothing to pleasure in youth, nothing to repose in age, but all to that country, whose beloved name filled their hearts as it does ours, with joy, can now do no more for us; nor we for them. But their memory remains, we will cherish it; their bright example remains, we will strive to imitate it; the print of their wise counsels and noble acts remain, we will gratefully enjoy it.

They have gone to the companions of their cares, of their dangers, and their toils. It is well with them. The treasures of America are now in Heaven. How long the list of our good, and wise, and brave, assembled there; how few remain with us. There is our Washington; and those, who followed him in their country's confidence, are now met together with him, and all that illustrious company.

The faithful marble may preserve their image; the engraved brass may proclaim their worth; but the humblest sod of Independent America, with nothing but the dewdrops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph. But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men. Wherever an

agonizing people shall perish, in a generous convulsion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, Oh, for a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson. Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our venerated Fathers shall be the prelude of their triumphal song.

The contemporary and successive generations of men will disappear. In the long lapse of ages, the Tribes of America, like those of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The fabric of American Freedom, like all things human, however firm and fair, may crumble into dust. But the cause in which these our Fathers shone is immortal. They did that, to which no age, no people of reasoning men, can be indifferent. Their eulogy will be uttered in other languages, when those we speak, like us who speak them, shall be all forgotten. And when the great account of humanity shall be closed at the throne of God, in the bright list of his children, who best adorned and served it, shall be found the names of our Adams and our Jefferson.



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